ISSUE no.4

ADULTS ONLY

IN HEAT

$8.00

Cock Ring Stud

X-rated Books

The Tool Shed

Bondage

The "Cowboy" and the "Cop"

Wrapping It Up

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Spaghetti
ISSUE

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IN HEAT no. 4

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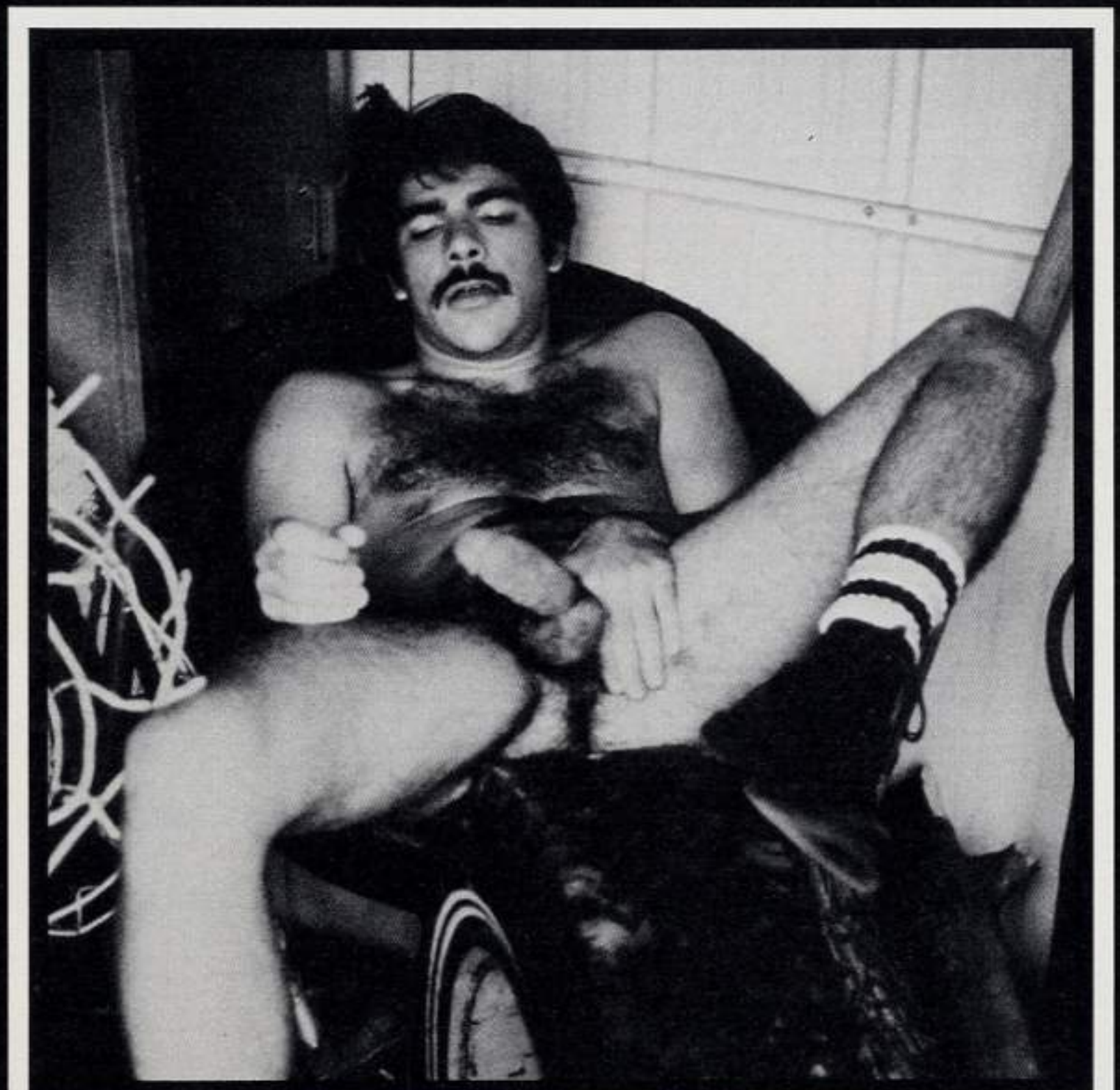
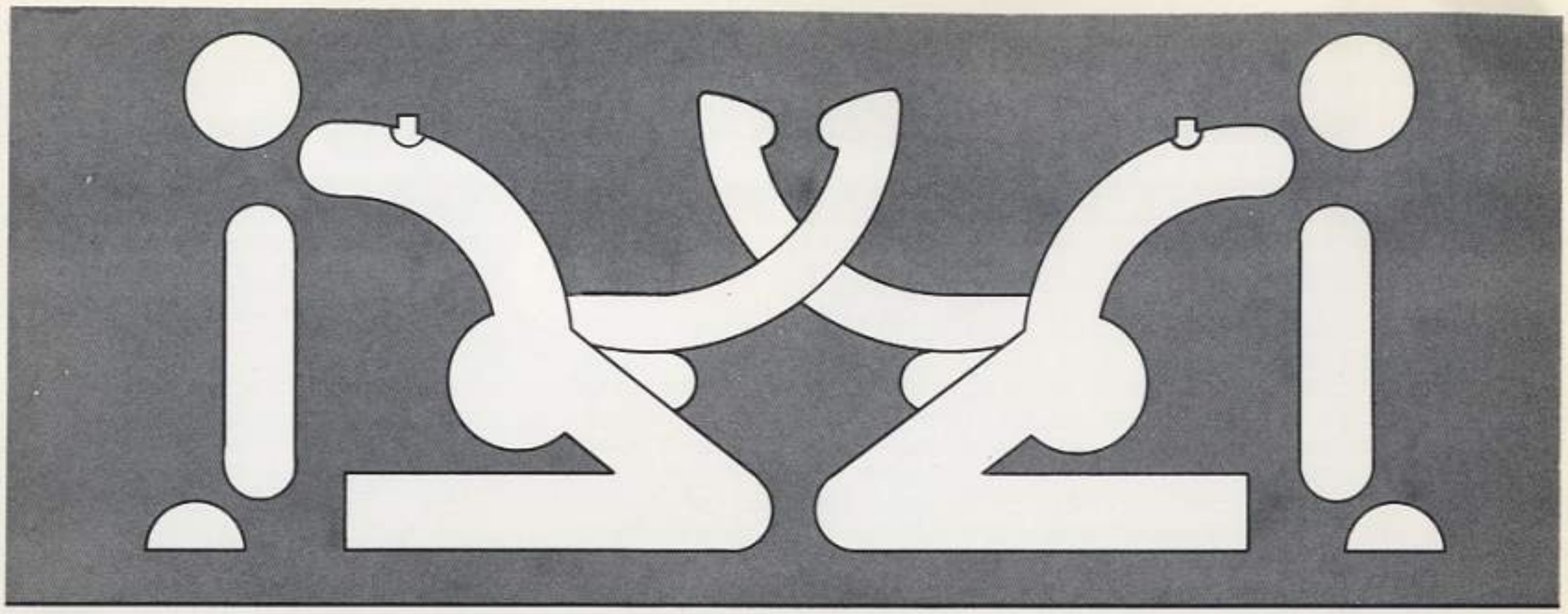
THE TOOL SHED

Ed prides himself on having just the right tool for any job, and his friends are always asking Ed if he'll come over and help them out with some stiff problem or another. He's got so many tools at his disposal that he's built a shed in the back yard. After a hard day of gardening, Ed likes to relax in the comparative shade of the shed, fondling his favorite tools and dreaming of jobs yet undone.

PHOTOS BY JOHN MICHAEL COX





REVIEWS

BOOKS

The ultimate in current S&M fiction is contained in Larry Townsend's **Leatherman's Workbook #7** (L.T. Publications, Box 302, Beverly Hills, CA 90213, $9.95, 64 pgs.), another gamy collection of shorts and historic vignettes, with hunky bondage photos and superheated drawings by Sean and Joe Johnson. Characters regularly take torture, humiliation and mutilation, the most in the reported diversions of Russia's Ivan the Terrible and his pre-Gestapo Opritchina:

He ordered a crowd of youngsters rounded up, boys and girls alike, commanded them to strip naked and to perform every imaginable kind of sex act . . . . Those who refused were killed on the spot . . . . When Viazemsky tired of the exhibition, the youths were slaughtered . . . and left in the snow for the wolves . . . .

Few of these stories are *that* bloody, and most victims are willing. Strong reading.

Illustration by David Eastman from **Leatherman's Workbook 7.**

Jason Tyler's **Bound by Bikers** (Greenleaf) is back to the rough sex, and most unappetizing in the gang-bang scene. Protagonist Bill Mitchell gets mustered out of the Marines and has some promising sex in company with a Chicano trucker—neither of them ready to admit they like it. Then they're raped in a desert ghost town by a super-scruffy cycle gang, led for no apparent reason by a repulsive Lesbian named Glutta (the only "evidence" given of her lesbianism is her crude ugliness). The rest of the book's quite good.

Curt MacLean's **Slave Brother** (Greenleaf), follows two orphaned Alaskan half-breeds, Thad slowly breaking his younger brother in to sex service (fair humor and minimal rough stuff), after which they're hired to service a large, sex-starved roadworker crew. Only at the end does Thad suggest real slavery to his brother, as a further diversion.

. . . which is getting rare nowadays in porno novels. One of the most stirring recent examples of gay S&M is F.W. Love's **Young Stud Hawk** (Adonis Classics, Greenleaf, Box 20194, San Diego, CA 92120, $2.95, 152 pgs.). The servitude here is voluntary. The captive doesn't need tying down, but things get plenty rough. Love's action is supercharged and original, in the preliminaries *and* in the fuck scenes, especially in the stage show near the end. Squeamish readers should avoid . . . .

Kenny, our stud-hawk, hangs out in truckstop johns, waiting for fast, brutal action from the gearjammers. Proud of his cool, and scorning the "amateur" collegians and nelly businessmen who prowl about, he displays his masculinity arrogantly, but yields to the first real stud who walks in. He gets siezed, humiliated, hurt, fucked and pissed on—and loves it—after having brushed off a blond youth whose approach seemed clumsy.

Burke White, the blond, is a trucking company heir and used to getting anything he wants. He watches Kenny's choreographed submission, then grabs and claims Kenny as a piece of property. Drained by the trucker's superb attack, Kenny goes along, making a mental note about how much "rich boy" has to learn. But while a dilletante, Burke is no novice sadist. He declares Kenny to be "just shit for me to work with . . . not even a slave yet . . . . I could kill you and dispose of your body and get away with it."

Kenny's cock jumps hungrily at the threat, and in Burke's "home away from home," he submits to heavy treatment, not out of liking or respect for Burke, but out of a will to submit. But when a student drops in from upstairs, Kenny begins to learn a thing or two about himself, and in the finale of the S&M stage show, everybody gets a cock-tingling surprise.

Love's **Uncle Stud** (Greenleaf) tells of a writer, sole inhabitant of a Caribbean island (he goes mainland for supplies and occasional native sex), furious when his sister foists her boys off on him—he'd despised them ten years ago at ages three and five. After a frosty welcome, they prove more grown up than he'd expected, and it's a zesty, drawn-out three-way, complete with fistfucking and bondage.

Haven't seen Bathhouse Books before (Box 486, South Laguna, CA 92677) and the first I picked up wasn't exactly a knockout. Fred Pulsing's **Whipped Cream** pulses feebly: inconsistent bisexual viewpoint, excess use of terms like "fag," "fat Jewess," etc., and several flaccid hetero sex scenes. Contempt expressed for most of the characters. Remarkable coincidence: they all call one another "honey." Ed Bales is a transient bartender in the Pacific Northwest, looking for the big break and usually fucking himself out of it.

Jack Stone's **The Mystery of Toomey's Island** (Blueboy) has a New England island inhabited by old villagers plus artists who don't paint and writers who don't write. Hector Beam has just completed a novel which tells a bit too much about the villagers, some of whom have read parts of the manuscript. He sends his younger lover Cy Cole to the liquor store and soon after is shot by an intruder. Cy is arrested for the murder, despite lack of evidence.

Before his trial, Hector's brother rents the house to artist Ross Hancock and his lover Nate Drew. They and Billy Hunter, an admirer of Cy's, search for hints as to the real killer. Matt Waite, the rawboned-handsome shit of a police chief, behaves suspiciously. Other villagers keep mum. Sex scenes well-done but sometimes obtrusive. The finale excessively complicates an otherwise economical plot. But good.

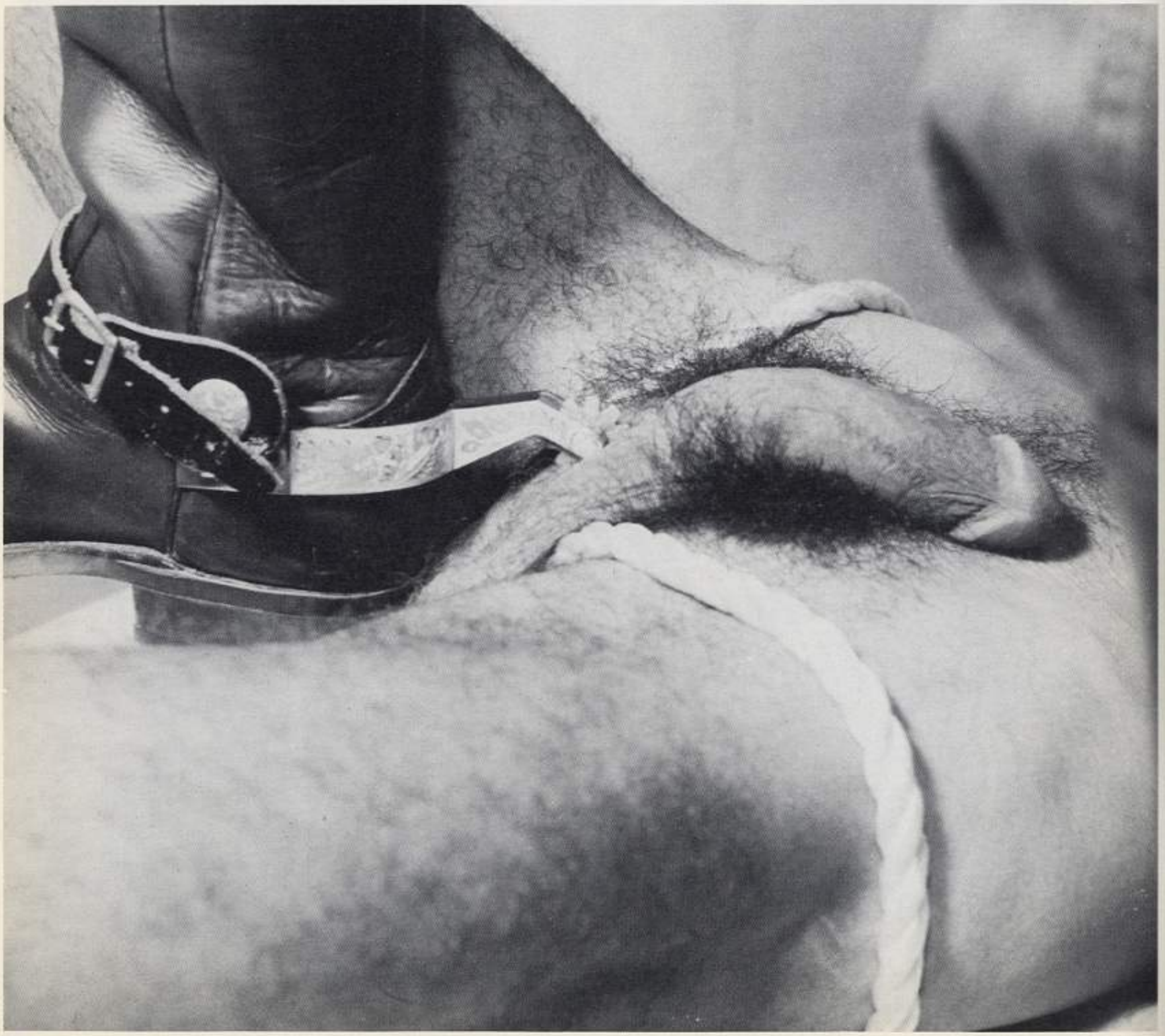
—JIM KEPNER

Bondage

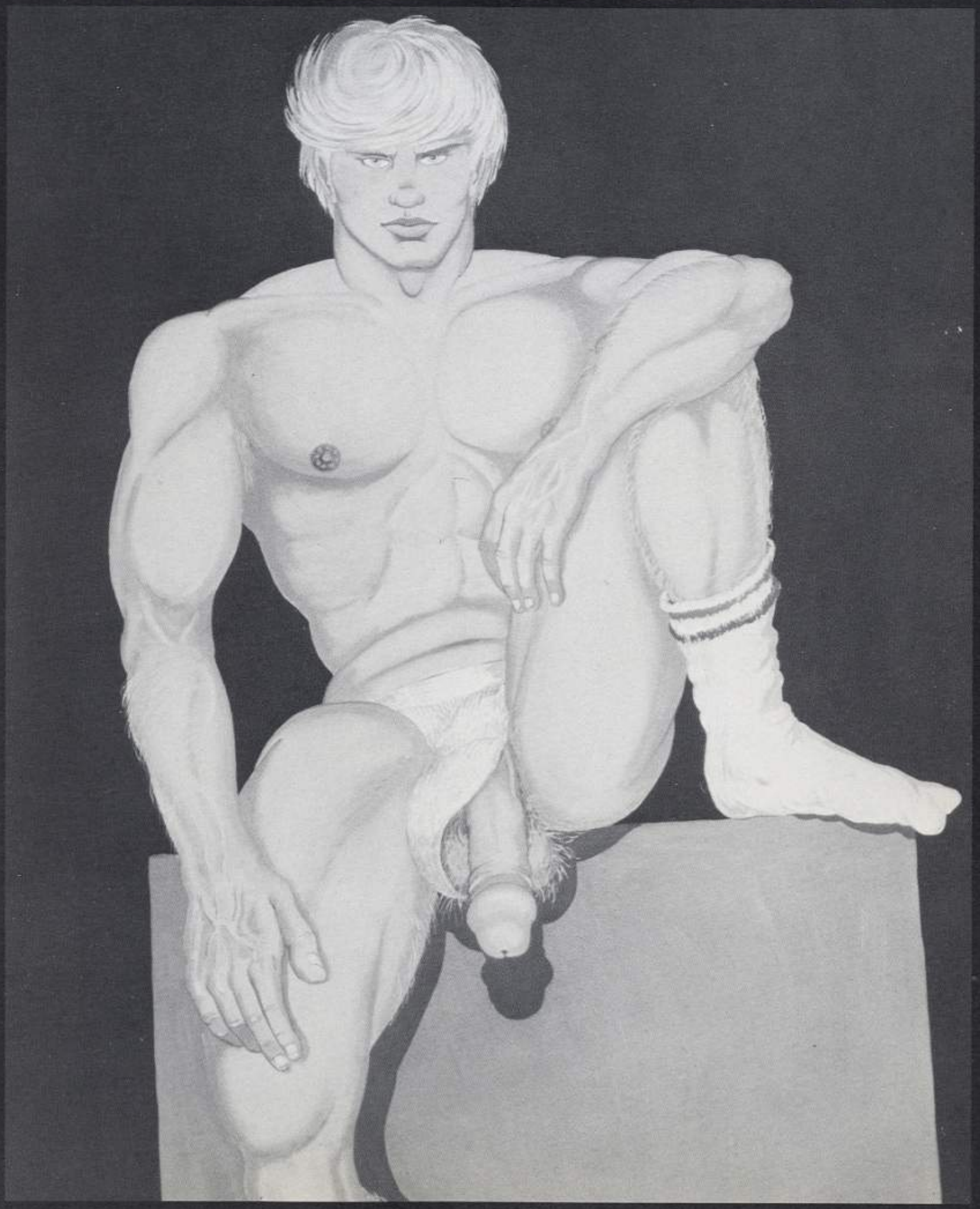
PHOTOS COURTESY OF PHANTOM STUDIOS

Photos courtesy of Phantom Studios

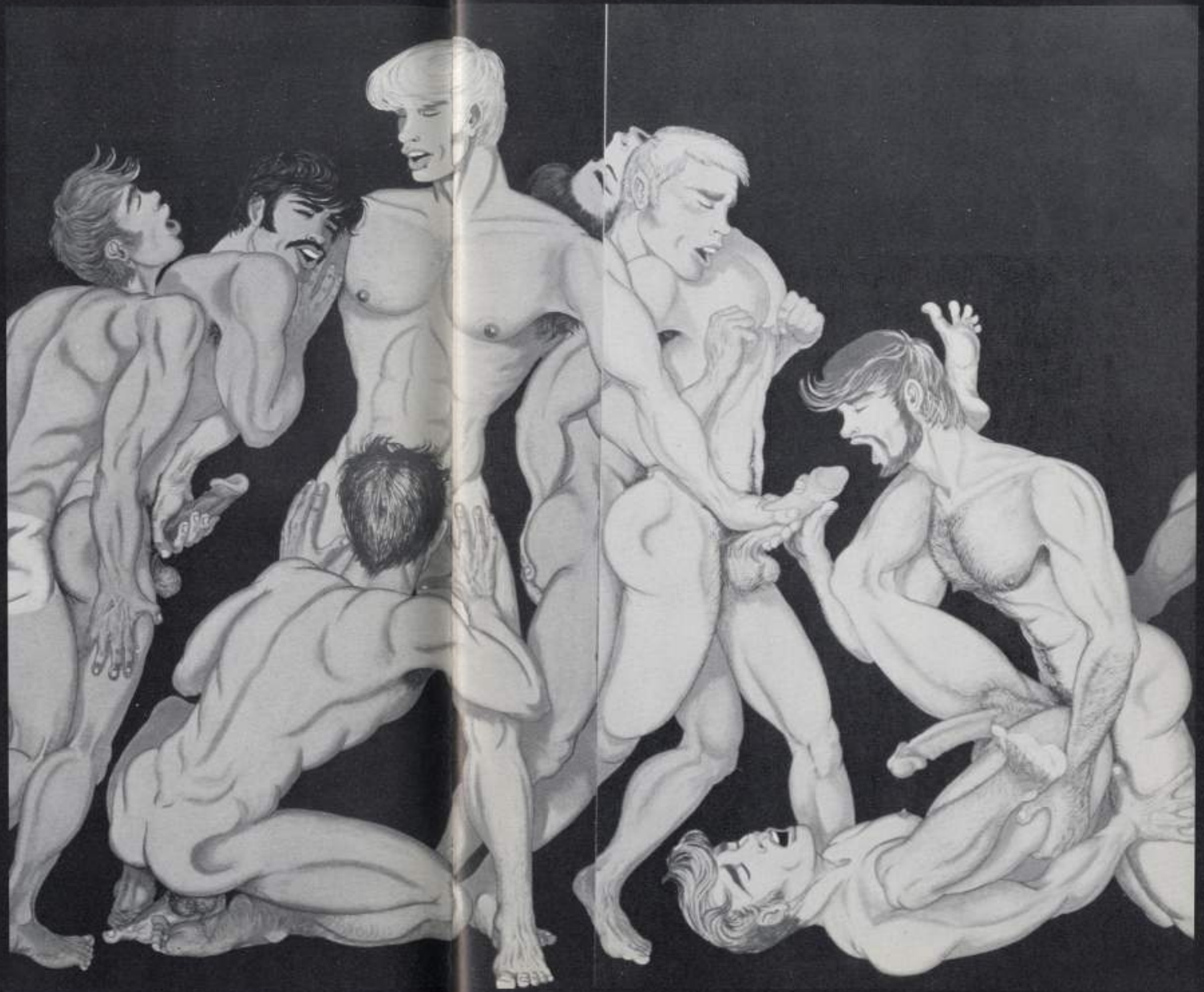
Some guys are free spirits, while other guys prefer being tied down. A little direction, a firm hand, and a bit of pressure in the right places are often appreciated by men willing to start at the bottom.



The Art of SEAN



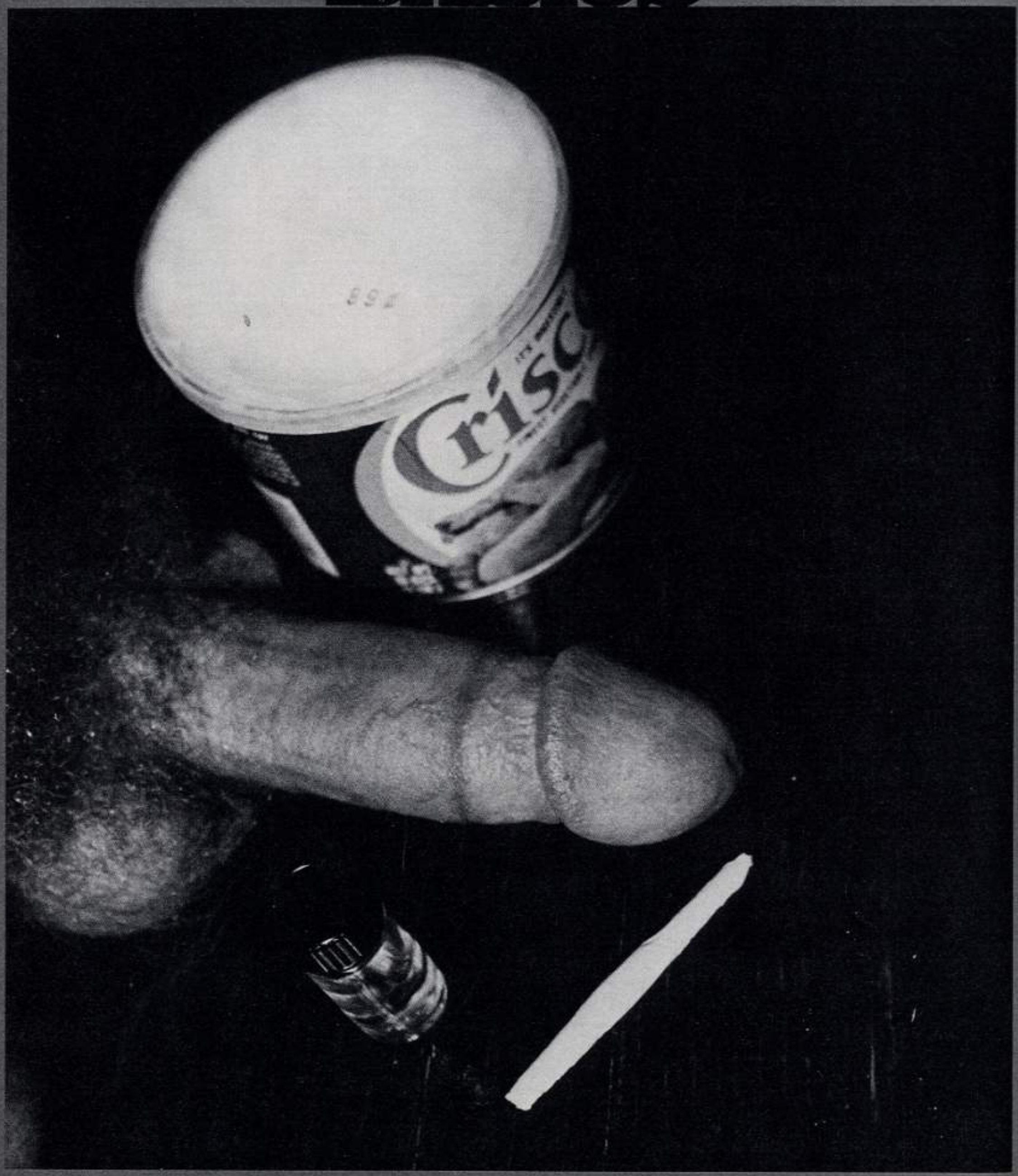
For his murals, which grace the walls of restaurants and baths across Southern California, he's been called a "Da Vinci in denim." For his posters, ad illos, and logos (he designed IN TOUCH For Men's first logo), he's been called the gay world's Saul Bass. But whatever you call him, Sean has a very special talent which appeals to a lot of people. "Communicating is a challenge," the rangy 43-year-old artist observes. Trained at Chicago's prestigious Art Institute—which displays one of his paintings—and the Chicago Academy of Fine Art, Sean particularly enjoys fulfilling the viewers' erotic fantasies. "If the guy out there in Cupcake Falls, Saskatchewan can get off by looking at one of my drawings, it's worth all the sweat and effort I put into it," he says. And where does he get his inspiration for his work? "Experience," he says, simply. 'Nuff said.



The murals featured on these pages are from L.A.'s **Hollywood Spa** and San Diego's **4th Avenue Club**.

SEAL

BASICS

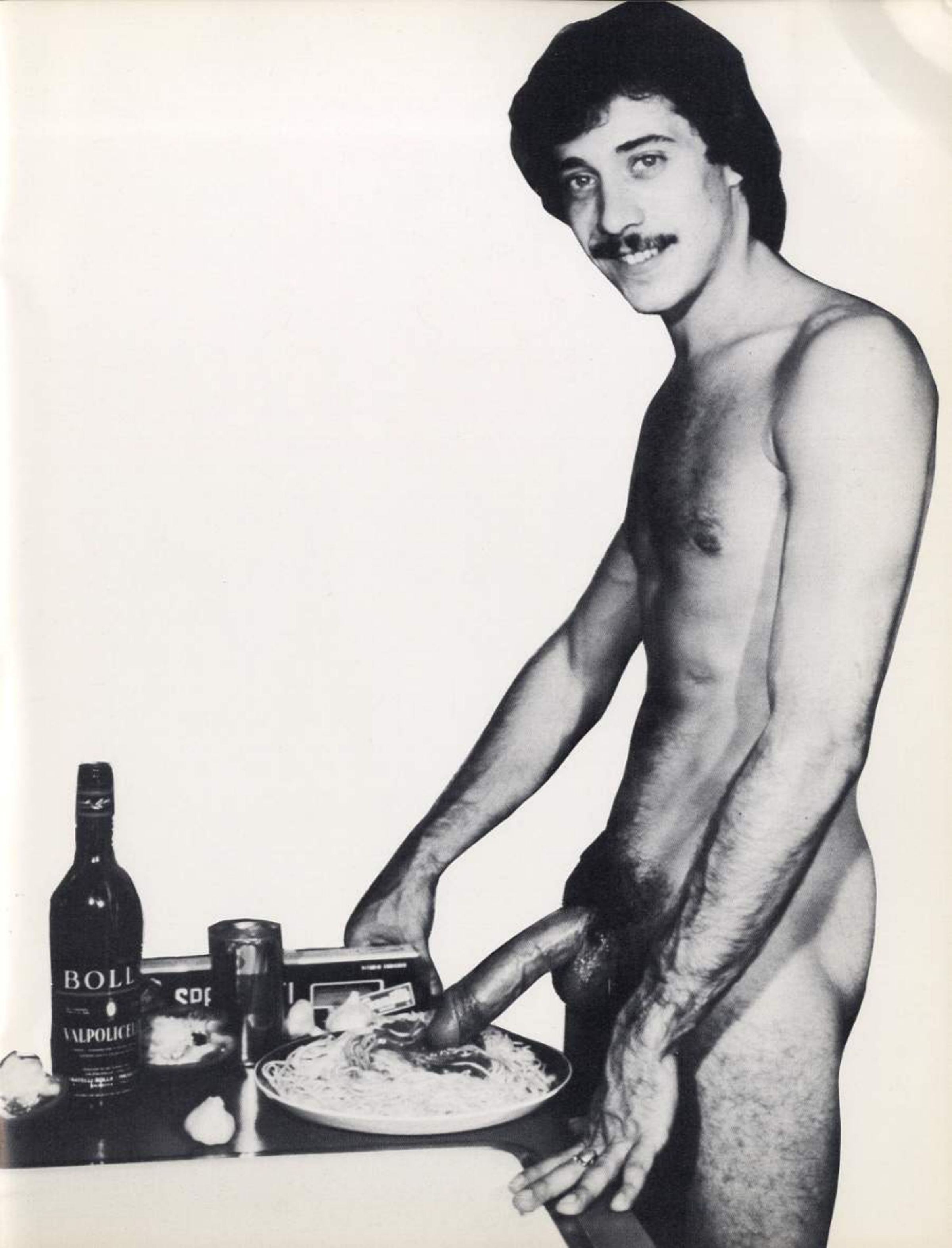


SPAGHETTI

He may not have been the inspiration for that famous "'at's-a-some-spicy-meatball" commercial, but all his friends know they can always count on Thom for a good, hot meal. He's got a recipe for spaghetti sauce that drives 'em up the wall. Thom won't say what his secret ingredient is—he got his skill from his big (and we do mean big) brother, Tony, a chef—but when he gets done whipping up a meal, he's got everyone in the room drooling. And when they start sucking in those long, long strands of white gold, the slurping is enough to have the neighbors pounding on the pipes!

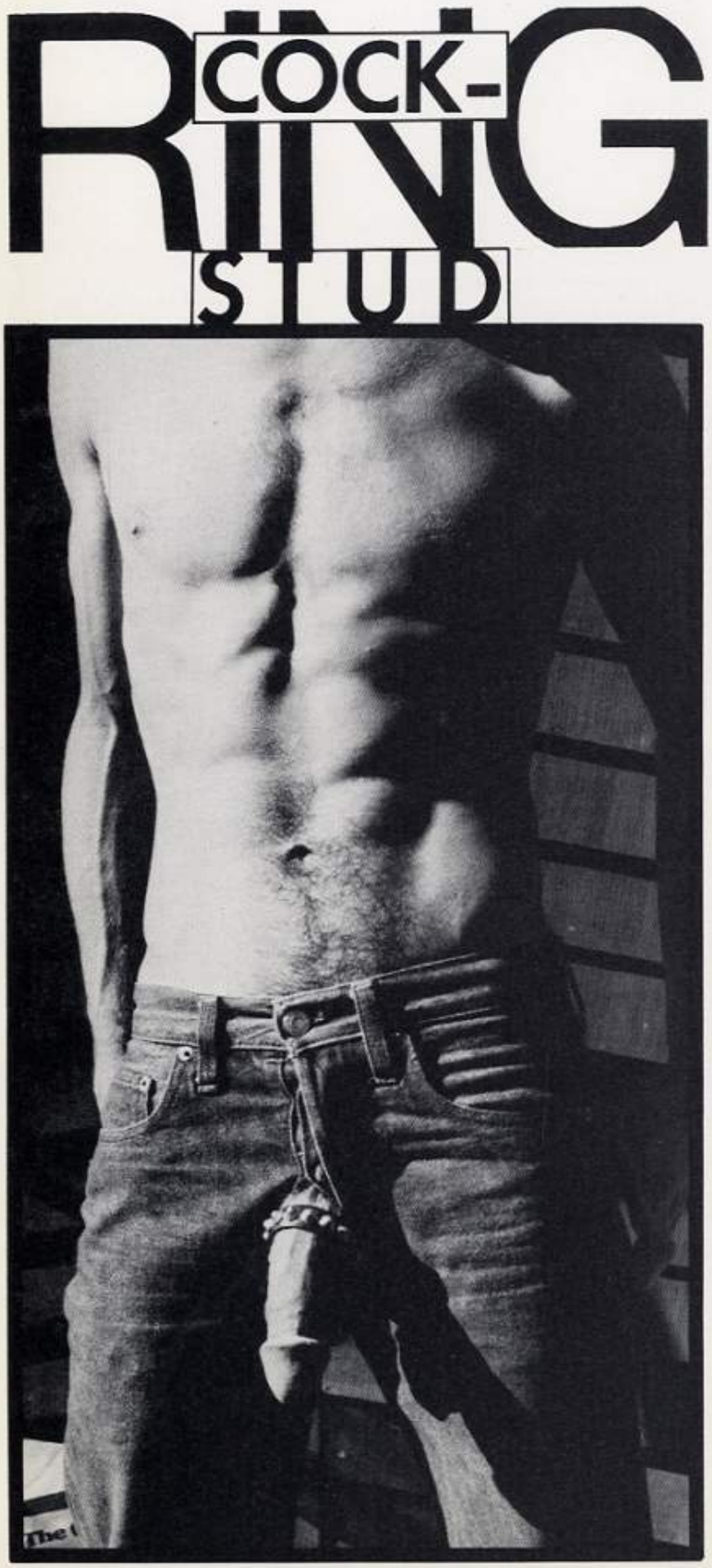
PHOTOS BY BOB GUNTHNER

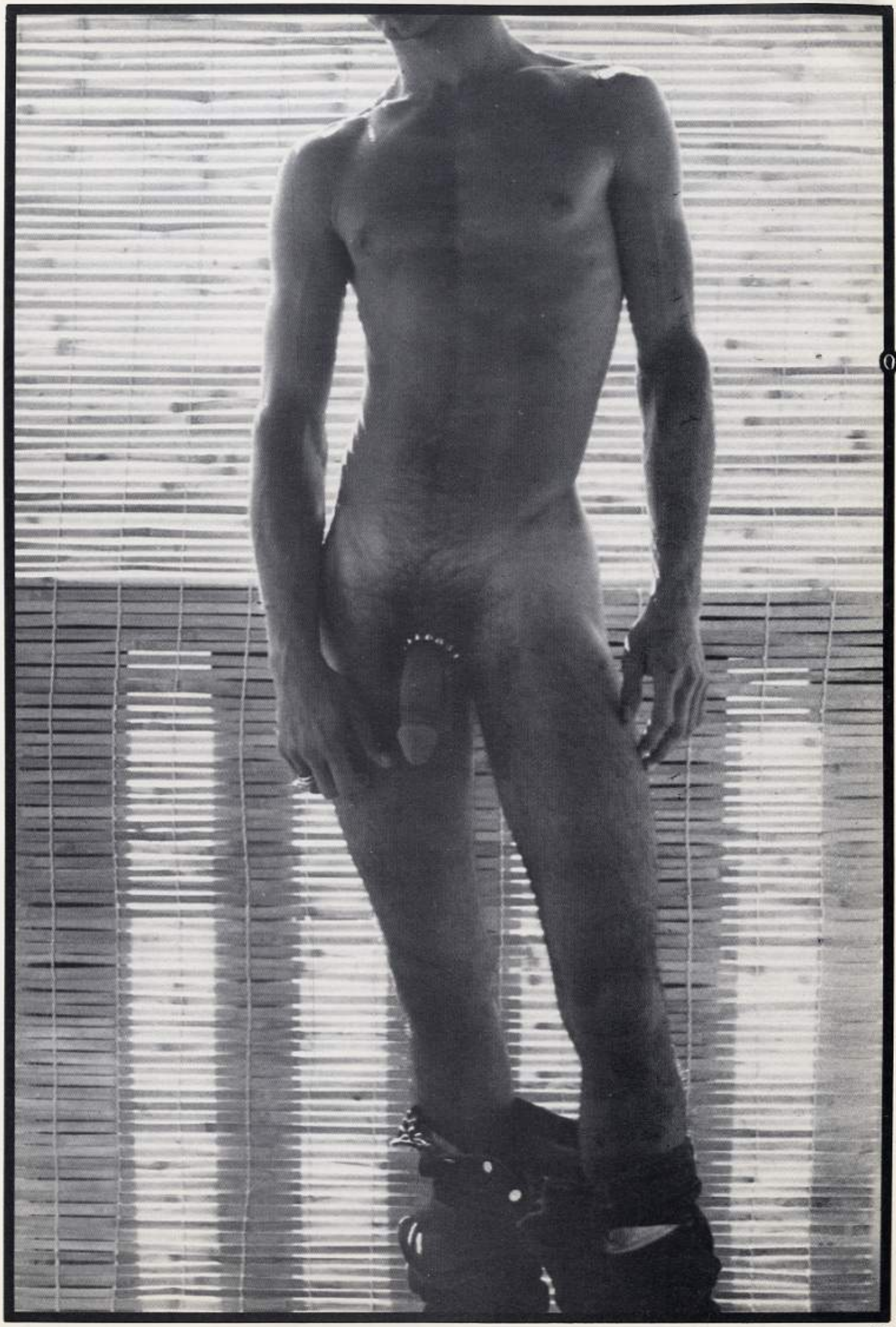
BOLL
Italian Style


BOLL
VALPOLICE

Some guys tie a string around their fingers to remind themselves that something big is coming up. Tom has a more practical way to achieve the same end, and he finds it a good way to keep up on things. Some day, Tom plans to settle down with just a little band of gold—but until he finds the right guy, he's got a little leather, studded number to help him when he gets into those tight spots we all find ourselves in from time to time.

COCK-RING STUD



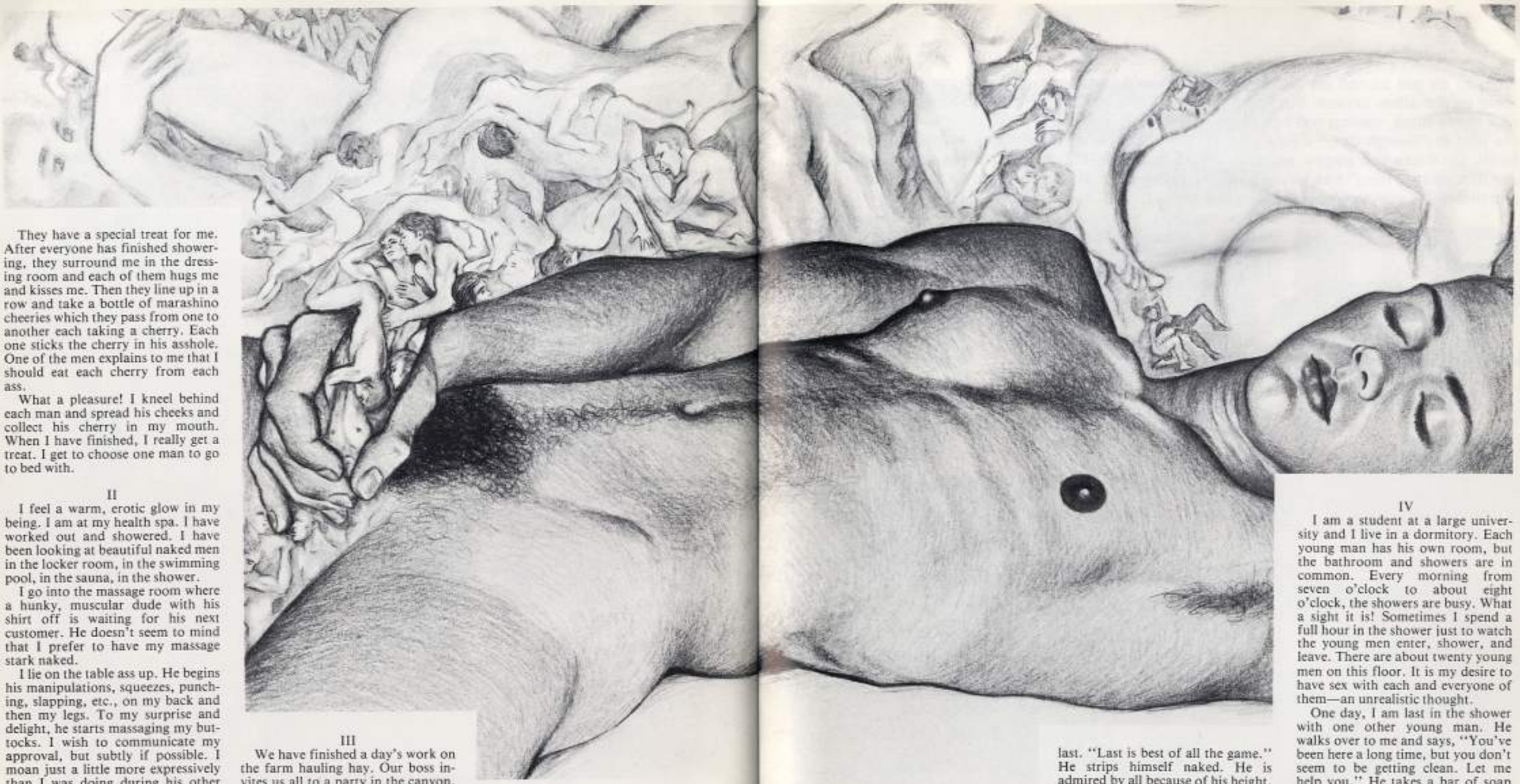


FANTASIES

FICTION BY GLEN R. HASLAM
ILLUSTRATION BY JOE JOHNSON

Here I am in the football stadium. The game is over. The players of the winning team are hugging each other over their victory. Suddenly, one of the players comes to me and tells me they want me to celebrate with them. I am led to the dressing room and invited to take a shower with the football players.

In the dressing room I strip and go into the shower with these hunky naked men. It is more than I can bear to see these bare-assed beauties with their big cocks dangling. I watch them hug each other in victory and slap each other on the ass.



They have a special treat for me. After everyone has finished showering, they surround me in the dressing room and each of them hugs me and kisses me. Then they line up in a row and take a bottle of marashino cheeries which they pass from one to another each taking a cherry. Each one sticks the cherry in his asshole. One of the men explains to me that I should eat each cherry from each ass.

What a pleasure! I kneel behind each man and spread his cheeks and collect his cherry in my mouth. When I have finished, I really get a treat. I get to choose one man to go to bed with.

II

I feel a warm, erotic glow in my being. I am at my health spa. I have worked out and showered. I have been looking at beautiful naked men in the locker room, in the swimming pool, in the sauna, in the shower.

I go into the massage room where a hunky, muscular dude with his shirt off is waiting for his next customer. He doesn't seem to mind that I prefer to have my massage stark naked.

I lie on the table ass up. He begins his manipulations, squeezes, punching, slapping, etc., on my back and then my legs. To my surprise and delight, he starts massaging my buttocks. I wish to communicate my approval, but subtly if possible. I moan just a little more expressively than I was doing during his other work. He seems to have finished with my ass. Then suddenly he begins massaging my prostate inching his hands near my asshole. He continues a noticeable length of time. I decide to moan a little louder. He continues.

Then it all stops. He shuts the door and locks it. I hear the buckle of his belt jingle. I moan again.

He takes some lubricant and rubs my asshole with it lingeringly. Here goes. The ultimate in massage is beginning as he inserts his almost uncomfortable large cock into my ass.

III

We have finished a day's work on the farm hauling hay. Our boss invites us all to a party in the canyon. There are six of us including our tall, handsome, incredibly hung boss who is nineteen. Most of us are sixteen, but we are all well-built and muscular from work on the farm.

At first, we cook steaks over the fire. We wash them down with ice cold beer cooled in the creek.

The boss decides to play a game with us. He says that we will have a wrestling contest. The biggest loser will get fucked in the ass by all the winners. Everyone seems to shudder at the thought of being fucked in the ass. They don't want to go along with this game, but he is the boss.

I am, of course, the loser. I have never been fucked in the ass before. The boss makes me strip and has me lie face down on a blanket. The other boys don't really want to fuck me, but they carry out the orders of the boss. One by one they all fuck me. Each cock, by its shape and size, feels different. I feel a great pleasure at the soft hardness of each. Two of the boys actually have orgasm and shoot their wad into me. The other two can't seem to cum.

The boss has reserved himself for last. "Last is best of all the game." He strips himself naked. He is admired by all because of his height, his beautiful musculature, his bronzed skin, his extraordinary cock. His cock becomes hard. He rubs butter all over it seductively. I am waiting. I had always desired him without knowing what my feelings were.

Finally, he mounts me. He pushes it deep inside of me. I scream with delight and then moan with pain. What ecstasy! What pain! All at the same time. I love him. I admire him. I love him. He shoots his wad and I cum, too. I feel like hugging and kissing him. When he lets me up, I do.

IV

I am a student at a large university and I live in a dormitory. Each young man has his own room, but the bathroom and showers are in common. Every morning from seven o'clock to about eight o'clock, the showers are busy. What a sight it is! Sometimes I spend a full hour in the shower just to watch the young men enter, shower, and leave. There are about twenty young men on this floor. It is my desire to have sex with each and everyone of them—an unrealistic thought.

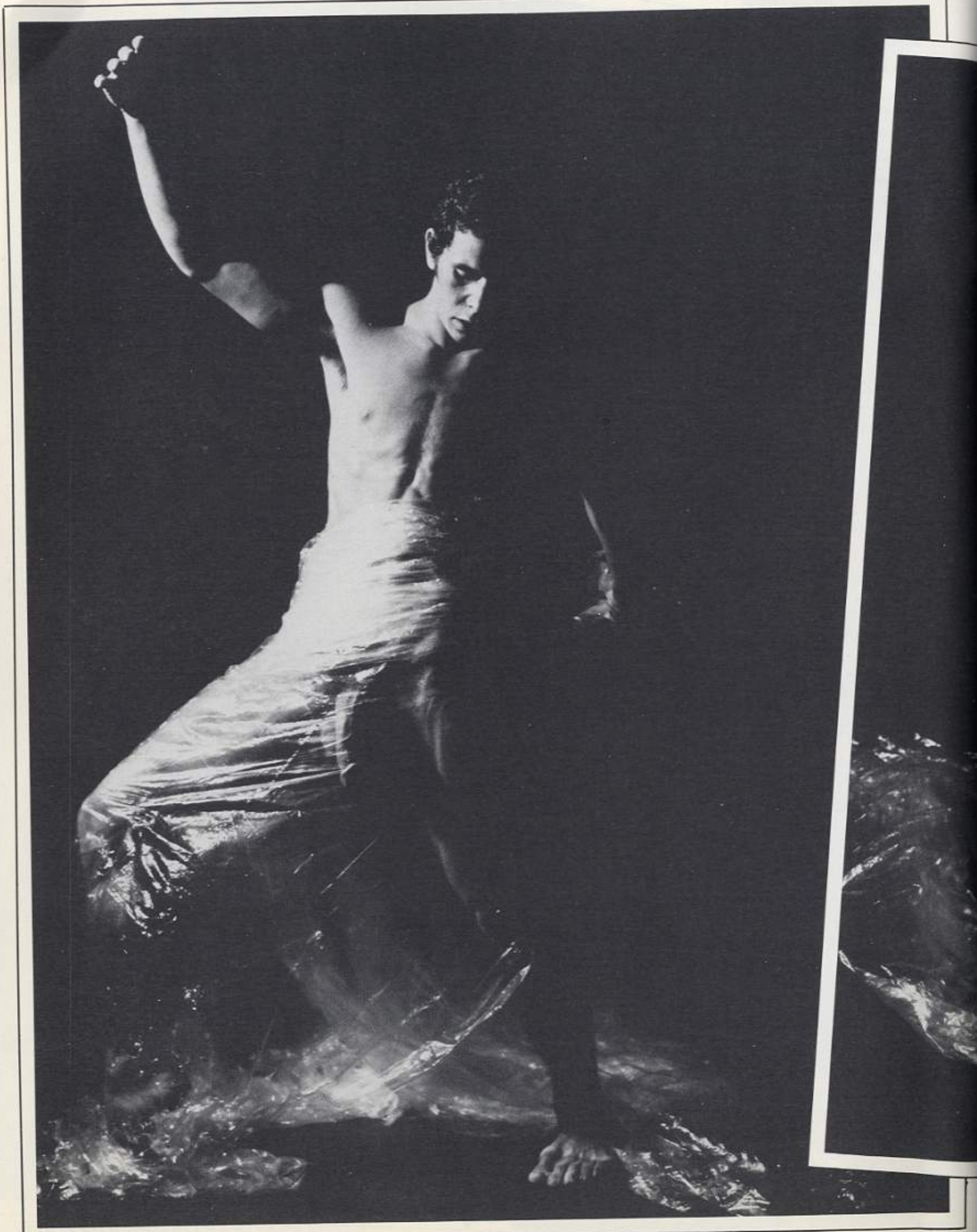
One day, I am last in the shower with one other young man. He walks over to me and says, "You've been here a long time, but you don't seem to be getting clean. Let me help you." He takes a bar of soap and rubs it in his hands until they are filled with suds. Then he starts rubbing my back. He goes then to my legs. Finally, he massages my ass thoroughly. He then fills his hands with soap and scours my chest, abdomen, and the front of my legs. He must absolutely massage my cock and balls. He does. My cock has already been hard for a long time. He leads me under the water and caresses me from head to toe as the water washes away the soap. He kneels before me and takes my cock into his mouth. Sucking and licking, he brings me to orgasm.

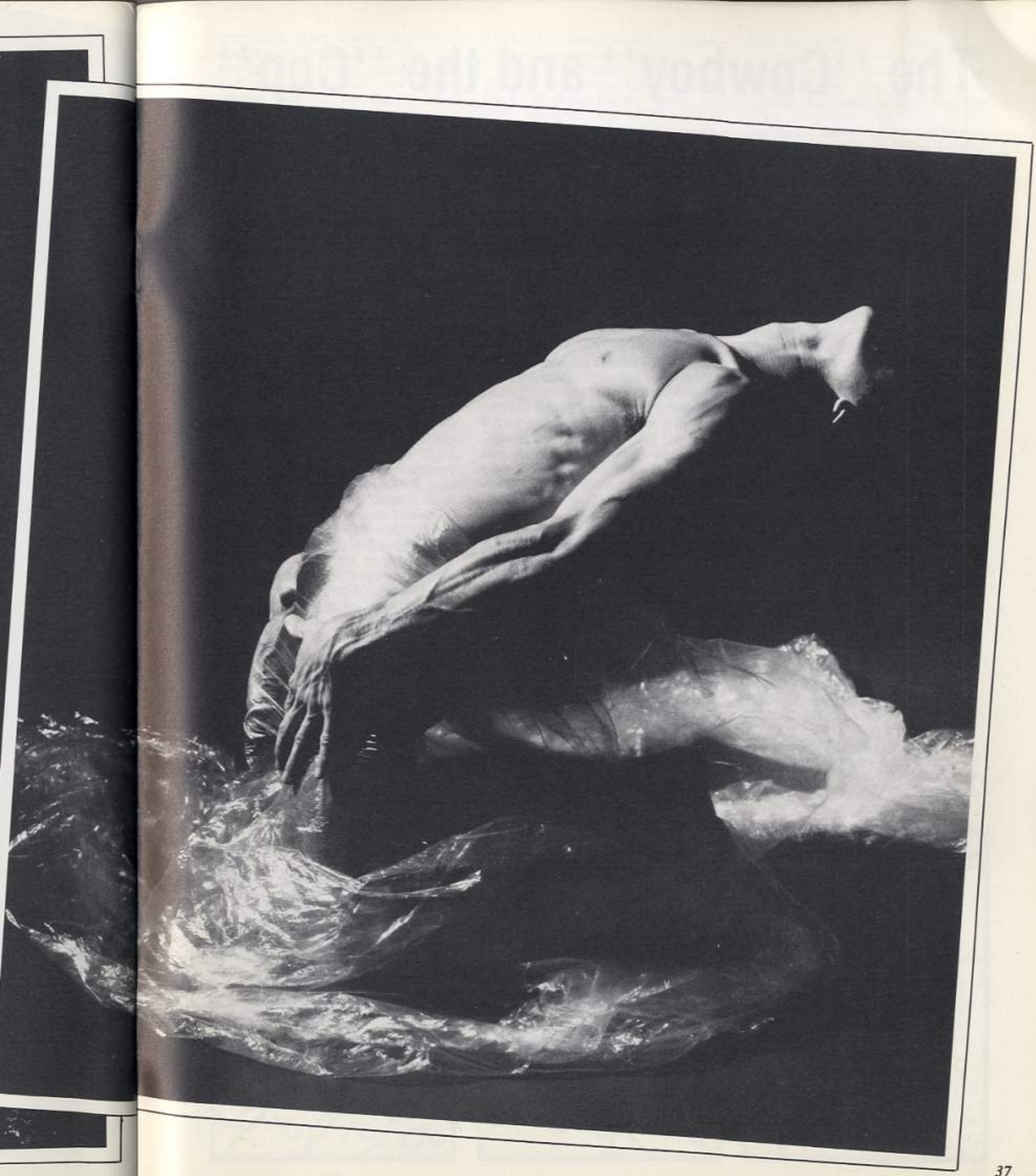
Most of us get turned on looking at a good, old-fashioned fuck-and-suck session up there on the silver screen. But imagine what it must be like for the poor guy who has to edit these films, seeing red-hot studs working off their fantasies day after day. That's the plot of "Rough Cut," a new all-male (naturally) film from Taylor Benson and Steve Scott. On these two pages, we offer the curious reader a glimpse of the kind of action our film editor "hero" has to work with. To find out just how he handles the situation—and himself—well, you're just going to have to go and see the movie.

CELLULOID SEX

Wrapping it Up

PHOTOS BY RICHARD BOETGER





The "Cowboy" and the "Cop"

fiction by David Mitchell

The totally predictable Arthur threw his annual Fantasy Party. Gathered on the top floor of his brownstone once again were the usual leather guys, some Southern Cal.-type "surfers" (every one of 'em blond, of course), a "lumberjack" or two, some "sailors," two spit-and-polish "marines" who had eyes only for each other, and yours truly—the "Cowboy."

I came alone—as always. You only have to make a mistake once. Or should. So, years ago when I was green, I made two. Since then there's been nobody worth getting excited about, nobody worth all the crap in *any* relationship. Besides, if you come in with somebody, you're more than likely going to end up with him. And that's a little too predictable, isn't it . . .?

Seeing I was by myself, Arthur cornered me in the john. Tacky, but to the point. Oh, what the hell, I was so bored out of my head, I figured, why not? He was an active sort, anyway. All I did was lay back on cool tiles while he sat on it, taking care of everything. If I'd been eating an apple, I'm sure it wouldn't have bothered him. That's what I thought, but predictable Arthur surprised me. When it was over, he smiled sweetly and slipped a couple of bills inside when he tucked my cock away. He knew I'd been hurting lately.

"A loan," he whispered.

Shaken a bit, I managed: "Thanks."

Outside, I mingled, stopping now and then to see if any of the conversation interested me. I'm no good at parties. Every time Arthur or someone answered the door, I looked up hopefully, but all I saw was more of the same coming in. Then three really great-looking muscle freaks arrived together, stationed themselves near me and started talking shop—workouts, health foods, what they did to keep it up.

Well, soon I'd had enough of *that*. I'd just about decided to split when, low and behold (like they say) in walked a knockout—an older guy, salt-and-pepper hair, wearing the midnight blue of a cop's uniform. I thought for a second, through the smoke, he might be someone I'd known years ago. But no, he was huskier, a bit, and even better looking than that long ago—so sad, so beautiful—Virginia boy.

My eyes locked with those of Midnight Blue and neither one of us looked away. His held mine, mine held his, all the way from the door until he was in front of me. I stood in a corner and he broad-shouldered everyone out of view. Just sort of nice and friendly like, in place of "Hi,' he reached down and fondled my cock. I groped him, too, and figured we'd been right properly introduced.

As I looked into those incredibly blue eyes, bluer than his uniform, he said, "Let's get out of here."

"I'm with you."

The apartment next to Arthur's was vacant, and someone—the painters, probably—had left the door open. On an impulse, the "cop" took me by the hand and led me inside, closing the door behind us. His eyes fixed on mine, a playful grin curled ever so slightly his thin, straight lips. Those eyes wandered very slowly down a bit, down, down to my waist; then shot up to my eyes again as that devastating smile broadened. Winking, he pushed me gently against the wall, took maybe eight or ten backward steps and feasted his eyes slowly from top to toe. Several times. All this time, little sounds, grunts of expelled air, hardened me.

Very slowly (puttin' on a show) he inched down his zipper, and super slow, cupped his cock, bringing it into the open. Eyes traveled up and down, up and down my body—in rhythm to his finger-tip jack off. Spreading his legs, with a quick ass thrust, he shoved his cock full out, maintaining that gentle touch along his cum tube. His thumb traced a pulsing vein of almost equal size running the length of his beautiful shaft.

Outlining his lips with moist tongue, he indicated (body language) for me to follow. Slowly I unbuckled my belt, unbottoned three, four buttons—revealing each time more of that fine line of hair

that runs from navel into brillo cock-hair. I pulled my jeans down a few inches, letting my cock jump up and out. I felt a clean, cool breeze. Sliding back the foreskin, I let it breathe. When my fingers touched the heart-shaped, ass-shaped tip, beads of pre-cum juice appeared.

Slowly I pumped. The juice spread to cover the purple/red man muscle, producing gem reflections. Man-smell filled the room. We finger-tipped in unison, shifting our focal point from cock to eyes. Together we freed our balls. Cupping them, squeezing out the shape of one then the other, they slid in and out of well-informed fingers. Full-up cocks tightened, hardened, jumped.

Removing my hand, I waved my cock at Midnight Blue—teasing, teasing. He stood transfixed, telling me with his eyes (they blinked rapidly) telling me with his tongue (it shot from side to side) telling me by his breathing (it was audible, long and labored) how much he loved it. Starting a rapid fuck motion deep inside my ass, my big, hard cock spun in circles. Pre-cum juice whirled through the air, elongated to about a foot before wrapping itself lovingly into cock, balls and pubic hair.

Midnight Blue pumped his cock. Hard. Harder. Inside his uniform, his left hand got in nipple action. Ever so slowly, I unbuttoned my shirt, faded from years of summer sun. Eyes followed. One tit free, then the other. And quickly, my shirt fell to the floor. . . .

* * *

I spit-touch my tits, bringing them to attention. Pointing out and upward, they become miniature cock heads (the same color, the same flecks of light radiate from them). Positioning my cock, I let two mouthloads of spit caress it. Then I pump—*crack, crack, crack*—tight asshole sounds.

The cop advances a few steps, sinks to his knees. *Crack, crack, crack.* Walking on his knees, his back straight, his cock motion matching mine, he comes closer. *Crack-crack, crack-crack, crack.* Jeans fall about my ankles. Then, I stop everything: I want simply to watch him watch me.

Eyes riveted at my cock, he inches forward. Time is suspended—he is at worship, at prayer. Six inches away, his tongue readies, tip pointed. Through the inches, it advances, sights on the lips of my piss/cum tube. When there is only an inch left, I separate the lips, pull them apart with my thumbs. Fingers at the roots of my cock, hold it at eye level. As they combine—tongue tip and inner lips—my head jerks back, down, up, twists around. Sounds like wild horses in heat fill the air. Taking me in his mouth, I feel my cock head against the back of his throat; feel his teeth, smooth and even.

He is everywhere at once: at my cock, at the tip only, at my balls, inside my ass. I sit on his mouth; he spits me open to my brain.

My legs, back, shoulders, ass are marked with his teeth; my tits are raw. As his hand works that swollen stallion cock, he sucks my balls, pulling them into his gut. I am on fire! A few early spurts of cum jump into midnight blues. Quickly then, my cock fills his throat, choking him. I want to shove it in further, but am ass-tight against the wall. He does it for me—throwing his head, his open mouth at me. His forehead is deep in my gut, his chin hard against my balls. Hard. Slow. Complete. Fantasic. My fingers dig into his shoulders. I pull his thick, animal hair, touch lovingly his ears, his swollen throat, feeling myself enter and leave.

The damn breaks—first in the left then in the right. I spill out/rush for freedom/speed along concrete/dash against the warm smoothness/the tickle of palate and inner chamber/flow easily into depths of underground springs/come to rest in sweet Springtime stillness. It is repeated—again/again—until my balls are dry tumbleweed pain.

Then, before I can recover, I trace with him his course. He shoots/shoots/shoots onto my legs. Beautiful! I feel his cum hot into my socks, my jeans, soaking them.

As he stands, midnight blues are iridescent, tired and huge. Placing cock lips together, they kiss. Placing his mouth against mine, we drink, parched from too long not knowing. He leans his body against me and each pore kisses the man pore it touches. Our fingers caress man flesh, thanking. Reaching down to help with my jeans, he sees his sperm—still hot, slimy wet everywhere.

"Ah," he says in apology, reaching for a handkerchief.

"No," I say, wanting it there.

"I'll drive you home . . ."

"Thanks." He can't resist a final kiss, a mouthful of cock. He lingers. I stir, respond.

Standing, he says, "Later, later. . . ."

Easing my cock inside my jeans, I lean against him to finish dressing.

***

In his car, speeding homeward—the city suddenly happy through the rain, twinkling like a Christmas tree—he turned to me, placed a square-nailed hand inside my thigh. "What's your name?"

"Jus' call me Cowboy," I replied straight-faced. Sliding over—thigh and ass contact close—my turn, "And you?"

"Why don't you just call me the Cop?"

"Shiiiit." We rode on through the nighttime Technicolor town which had replaced the old wornout grey one I remembered. The whole of each block (the world!) was reflected in raindrops on the windows, blended with streaks of tiny running rivers. "Hey . . . Midnight Blue?"

"Yeah?"

"You fuckable?"

Tiny but heavy pause. "I've never done that. But I think I'd like to with you." His mouth sounded kind of dry. Mine, by contrast, was extremely wet—along with another thing or two. His hand was on my cock. I reached over and gave his (hard!) a squeeze.

His voice clouded with expectation, he asked, "You have to head home right away, Cowboy?"

"No." Uncertain. What's going on here? This driving me home; not wanting to dump me right away? What is this, a highschool date or something?

"How'd you like to drive out to the beach . . . and fuck?"

"Shit." I said it low, so he'd know my full meaning. "Asshole whore," I whispered in his ear. His cock strained so I thought it would break out of that corral that held it.

How unexpected. I was so happy, so relaxed that I leaned my head on his shoulder. Removing one hand from the wheel, he pulled me to him. We were warm, comfy, snuggly close. "Nice," I said.

"When we're out of town, Cowboy, let's take off our clothes and drive out naked."

"Why wait?"

"Okay." He pulled over to the side of the highway. Cars sped by in both directions.

As he unbuttoned his shirt, "Just a second," I said.

"You're not going to chicken out, are you?"

"No, Cop Baby, but we should use our heads. Got anything to cover your license plates?"

"Good boy." We used two pair of jockey shorts, fresh from cellophane.

Then, as carefully, as beautifully as if it had been rehearsed, we undressed each other, spotlights from cars casting ghostlike bright-to-dim-to-darkness around us. I don't think I've ever seen a more beautiful body, a better square-jawed face. In fact, everything about him was square—his shoulders, his pecs, his butt, even his biceps and thigh muscles squared out. I was drunk on the whole of him.

"We'd better go, Cowboy, or we're going to end up fucking right here." Our cocks jumped at each other through the rain.

Rubbing my eyes, I felt the cloudburst—clean, good—everywhere on me. It was like the Colorado rain of my youth. "Yeah, let's split," I agreed. Throwing soaked clothing in the trunk, we rode with arms and legs intertwined.

We didn't talk much. No need. We were like old friends, or two animals sharing warmth. Occasionally we licked rain from each other's bodies or playfully shook it from our plastered-down hair, onto chest and crotch. On fingertips we tasted rain from body parts not reachable with our mouths. . . .

It was warm in the car. Good, warm, safe warm. "Take a nap, Cowboy," he said.

"No . . ."

"Go on, baby. Just put your head in my lap. . . ."

When I woke, I somehow knew I'd been asleep for quite a while. The car wasn't moving. I looked up.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi." How long was I . . .?"

"About an hour."

"Why didn't you wake me?"

"It felt good. I wanted you there. I wanted to look at you."

"Is it still raining?"

"Yes. Lighter now."

"Sounds nice." Stretching, "You want to play in it?"

"In a minute." I turned from my side to my back so I could look into those midnight blues. He tried to bend down to kiss me, but only managed to honk the horn with his forehead. It was funny and sad and very quiet after that. He looked out at the rain.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing. It's just . . ."

"What?"

"It's just that I don't get involved with people. I never see anyone more than once. I want you to know that."

"Well, don't worry about me. I don't want anybody either. I don't *need* anybody." I said it, but a voice deep inside said, "liar!"

"I thought we should talk about it . . ."

"Why? We shouldn't expect to be together. It isn't like that." Things were getting sticky. "Oh, shit, man, this is right out of a tacky gay novel. Let's not talk about it, please. It'll only take away what we have least of . . . and that's time."

Whispered, "Sure."

Long, quiet time. Then, my voice full of energy, enthusiasm—to get out of that mood—I said, "Well, let's go, buddy. I've got to take myself a piss, or I'm going to burst."

"Okay, Cowboy. Me, too." Suddenly, he added, "Let's piss all over each other, feel it sweet and warm. The cool rain, the ocean water will wash it away . . . ."

The hot piss (we mixed it over our bodies, tasted it) the fine mist of pinprick rain, the blending of spit kisses, was so beautiful I wanted it never to end. And the thought that it would hurt more than I ever thought possible. Each moment was like that, whatever we did—as we ran, hands clasped, into the ocean; we held each other, the waves breaking over us; as we kissed under water; as we 69ed in the foam at the water's edge; as we walked, mile after mile; as he used my asshole; as I used his—pushing seaweed up with tongue and cock to sensation him with slime and salt water tingle; as we came, noises from our guts, our beings uncaged. Salt and cum tasting kisses . . .

In raincoats only, the sun lightening the horizon, he drove me home, back to reality. I made coffee. There remained some of that animal closeness—a miracle.

We still didn't talk much. I sort of wished he'd go—quickly and cleanly.

"Cowboy?"

"Yes?"

He looked at me quite differently than ever he had before. "What's your name?"

I knew he wanted to know. "Dan Larsen."

"I'm Bill Miller."

"Hi."

"Hi."

We shook hands. Silly after all that. Stupid.

There was a quiet fear growing inside me to *what's going to happen next?*

Long, drawn out time, drinking coffee. Nothing said. Tense, I finally asked, "More?" My voice sounded all right.

"Yes."

Another eternity.

"Dan?"

"Yes?"

Very bad, choked words, "What are you doing tomorrow?"

"Oh." And tears were in my eyes because it had happened. I felt him warm around me; I *wanted* him to stay. ■■

HEAVY DATE

A hot night, inside and out. You wanna go out? Or just stay home? Relax. Clothes off. Feels good. Feels REAL good. Come over here. Feel my sweat. Yeah. There, too. Take a close look. Lower. Like it? That's it. What a way to cool off! Nice. Real nice. You want a surprise? Ready . . . ?

Photos courtesy of Cosco Studios

Now that's what I call a good way to cool off! (Wipe your chin.) Now com'ere—I want to talk to you. About what? Guess. Yeah . . . right the first time. You think you're ready for it? Fuck, yes, I am—I always am. How do you want it first? Great! It gets better every time. Easier, too. That's it; relax. Relax. There. You OK? You sure? Good. Now let's cut this talkin' shit and get down to some serious . . . YEAHHHHHHH!

Prince Charming

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